

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY No. 65 • 18th MAY 1970 PRICE 1½

Stella's Magic Carpet—
inside on page 12.



The Tinder Box



1. Now that he had so much money to spend, the soldier did not worry how quickly it went. He rented himself a fine place to live in and had servants to dress him in the most splendid clothes. They told him about their King and the beautiful Princess, his daughter. "I would like to see her," the soldier said. "Please make all the arrangements." "No one can see her at all," the footman replied.

2. "She lives in a copper palace and no one but the King goes to visit her, because it has been foretold that she will marry a common soldier, and our King would not like that at all," added the footman. So the soldier had to be content with travelling around in his carriage, and he always took plenty of money with him to give away to the needy, for he had once been poor himself!



3. But as he was now giving and spending every day and receiving no money in return, his money began to disappear. At last the knapsack was empty except for a coin or two. "How quickly it has gone," gasped the soldier in some surprise. "Now I am poor once again and will have to move from this expensive apartment."

4. So he moved to a cheap little attic, where he had to look after himself without any servants or friends. One evening he did not even have a match to light a candle, but he remembered all at once the tinder-box that the old witch had made him fetch out of the hollow tree. He struck it once to make some sparks.



5. Wonder of wonders! The door burst open and in came the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups. "I have brought you a bag of copper coins," said the dog, "What other commands has my master for his slave?" The soldier now understood the magic of the tinder-box. "If I strike it once, the dog with eyes like tea-cups brings me a bagful of money!" he chuckled to himself.



6. "To strike it twice will bring the dog that guards the chest of silver," he went on, "And three strikes will bring the dog that guards the gold." Then another thought came to him "I want to see the Princess," he told the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups. "It is rather late, I know, but bring her here." The dog bounded away and the soldier waited patiently.



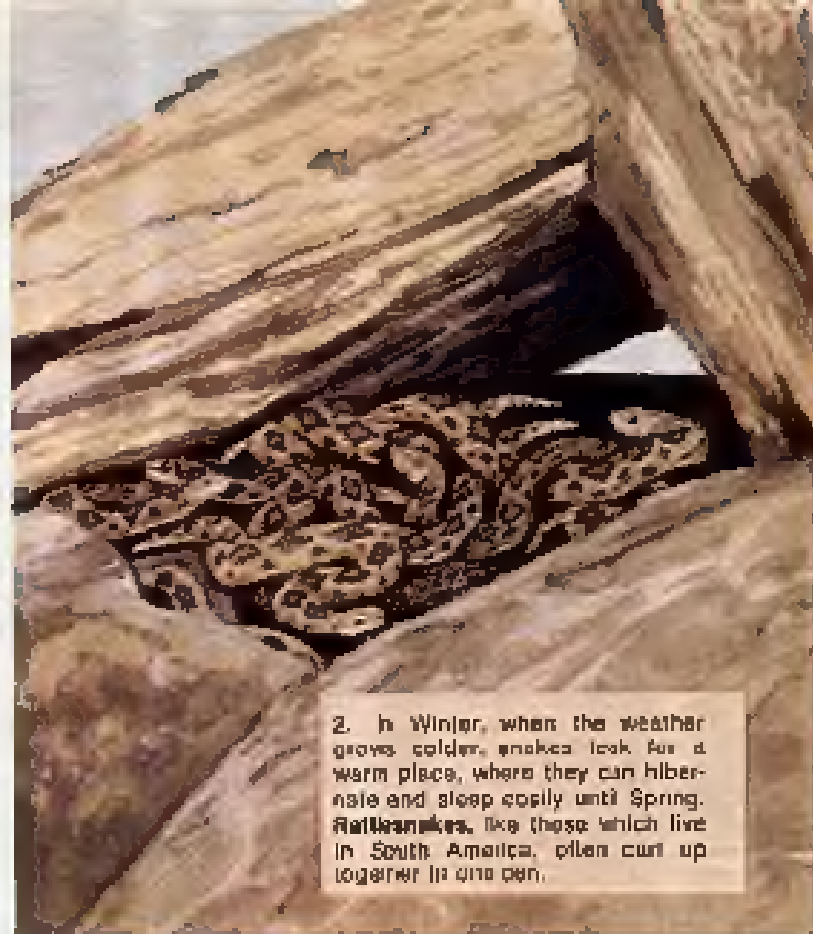
7. He did not have long to wait, for in less than two or three minutes the dog came bounding back. And on its back, "sleeping soundly, lay the beautiful Princess. "How enchanting and lovely she is," said the soldier. "She is a real Princess indeed and I am glad to have the great good fortune of looking at her."

8. The soldier could not stop himself from bending down and kissing the hand of the sweet Princess. She did not move, but the soldier thought that there was a tiny tremble of her little finger. "Dear sweet Princess, I would like you to stay longer but now I must send you back to your copper castle," he said.

Next week you can enjoy more of this story of the soldier and his magic Tinder Box.



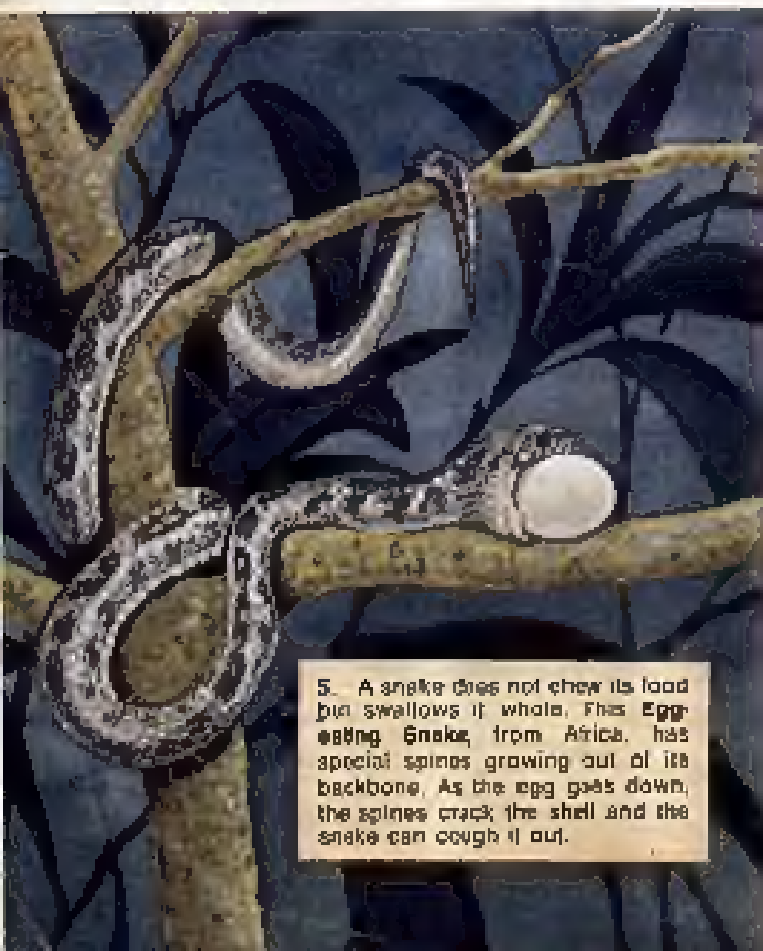
1 The big Python, which grows up to 20 feet long, lives in India. Snakes are reptiles and we call them cold-blooded. This means they have to take their warmth from their surroundings. So most snakes live in hot countries, where they keep warm easily.



2. In winter, when the weather grows colder, snakes look for a warm place, where they can hibernate and sleep easily until Spring. Rattlesnakes, like those which live in South America, often curl up together in one den.



All Sorts



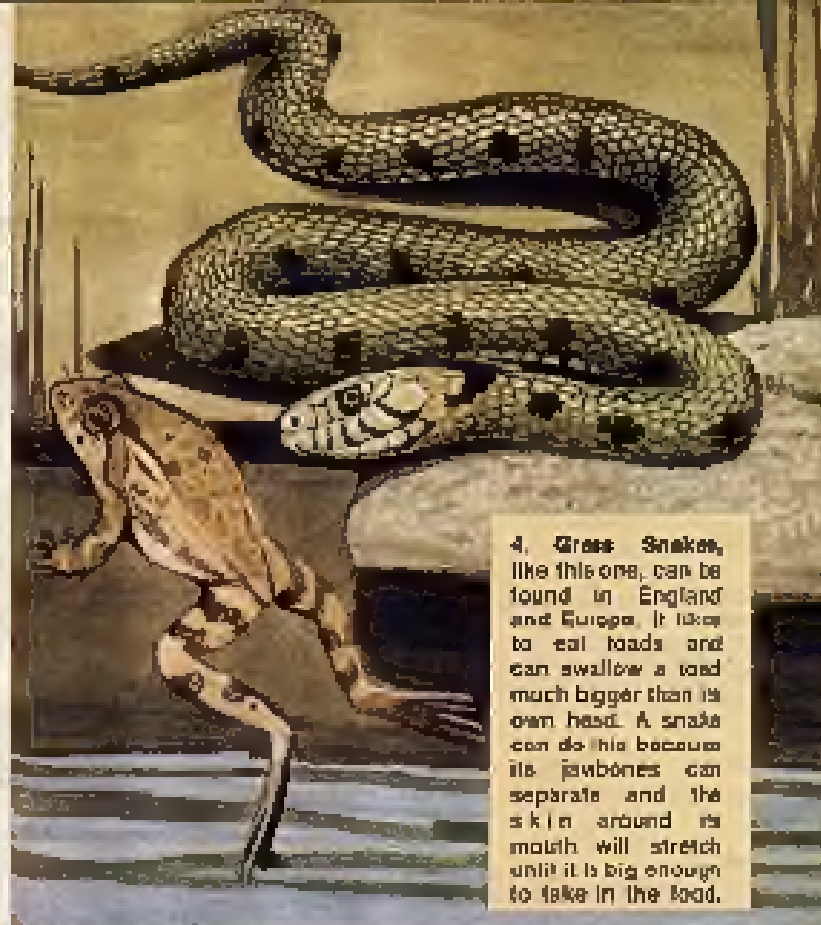
5. A snake does not chew its food but swallows it whole. This Egg-eating Snake, from Africa, has special spines growing out of its backbone. As the egg goes down, the spines crack the shell and the snake can cough it out.



6. A snake's tongue flicks constantly in and out of its mouth because this is the way it catches scents. It tails its prey from its enemy by smell. It has teeth, but does not use them for chewing food. The Gaboon Viper, from Africa, bites and injects its deadly poison into enemies with its teeth.



3. A snake's eyes seem to stare, so people often think it hypnotises its prey, but it stares because it has no eyelids and so its eyes seem to be open all the time. This *Anasocoda* takes its prey by surprise, then crushes it.



4. Grass Snakes, like this one, can be found in England and Europe. It likes to eat toads and can swallow a toad much bigger than its own head. A snake can do this because its jawbones can separate and the skin around its mouth will stretch until it is big enough to take in the food.

of Snakes



7. Snakes have no ears and they cannot hear. Snake owners in India keep Cobras because they seem to react up and dance to music, but the Cobra does this and spreads out the hood behind its head because it is frightened.



8. Snakes have no legs but they have strong muscles which they use to pull themselves along. The Flying Snake, from the Far East, can dive through the air from tree to tree.



BRER RABBIT

Brer Bear Been a Ques!

ALTHOUGH Brer Rabbit was a wily animal and very good at tricking the other animals, and although he didn't like hard work if he could get out of it, he was really a very good gardener when he got to work and he grew some very fine carrots.

In fact, Brer Rabbit was very proud of his carrot patch. Each year he dug the ground and planted rows and rows of fine carrots and he was so pleased with them that when they began to grow, he would go each day to look at them. All the other animals had to agree that Brer Rabbit grew very fine carrots indeed and there was nobody else who could grow carrots half as good.

One day, however, when Brer Rabbit went out to his carrot patch, he had a nasty shock. The carrots were almost ready to be pulled up—but Brer Rabbit saw that someone had been there before him. Whoever it was had taken just a few of the biggest and juiciest carrots. Brer

Rabbit was very angry. He didn't like the idea that he had done all that hard work for nothing.

When he went back to the carrot patch again the next day, he was even angrier, for he saw that there were more carrots gone.

"I must do something to stop the thief," Brer Rabbit thought to himself. "He will take all the best carrots before I have a chance to harvest them and then what shall I give the little rabbits to eat when they are hungry—to say nothing of myself?"

Brer Rabbit called all the little rabbits together. "Someone has been raiding our carrot patch," he told them. "If this goes on much longer, there will hardly be any left for us. I want you to take it in turns to sit by the carrot patch and watch for the thief."

The little rabbits agreed and off they went to the carrot patch, to keep watch. As soon as one little rabbit grew tired, the

next one took his place and there wasn't a single moment in the day when that carrot patch was left unguarded. When it grew dark, the little rabbits had to go home to bed and Brer Rabbit went out to the carrot patch and sat there, but by and by he began to feel mighty sleepy. He sat for hours and hours until at last he was so cold and cramped and tired, that he had to give up and go home to bed.

Next morning, more carrots were gone and Brer Rabbit was fairly hopping with rage. All that day he slept and next night, out he went, with a blanket to wrap around him and a jug of hot coffee to keep him awake and there he sat, determined to find out just who the thief was.

Well, towards morning, he heard a rustling and a scrambling and a grumbling nearby and Brer Rabbit, he lay low and said nothing, but he thought to himself, "That's a mighty big animal going to my carrot patch, that is." And before long he saw that it was Brer Bear. Brer

Bear, he just sat himself down among the carrots and pulled up the biggest and juiciest and had a really good feast. Then, as the sky began to grow light, off he went chucking to himself.

Brer Rabbit made his way home, too, thinking hard. Brer Bear was much too big for him to tackle alone. He would have to think of a way of frightening off Brer Bear—or he would have all the other animals raiding his carrot patch as well.

All that day, Brer Rabbit was very busy. He got a pumpkin and hollowed out the inside and then he cut a very scary-looking face into it. There were holes for the eyes and a hole for the mouth, and Brer Rabbit was very pleased with it.

When it was dark, Brer Rabbit picked up all the things he had put ready, and, chucking to himself, he made his way to the carrot patch. He had the pumpkin, a candle or two and a big white sheet, which he had borrowed from Mrs. Rabbit.

When he thought it was about time for Brer Bear to pay his nightly visit, Brer Rabbit got ready. He draped himself in the white sheet so that it covered him completely, head and all. Then he lit one of the candles and put it inside the hollowed out pumpkin. It shone eerily through the holes, making a frightening face. Brer Rabbit picked up the pumpkin and put it on a stick. Then he held it so that it showed just above the white sheet.

Sure enough, in another minute there was a rustling and thumping and there was Brer Bear—but he didn't stay, not this time, for there, coming towards him, he saw a weird, ghostly figure. It was making the most terrifying groans and moans and it seemed to be about ten feet tall—for Brer Rabbit could leap very high and he was leaping up and down.

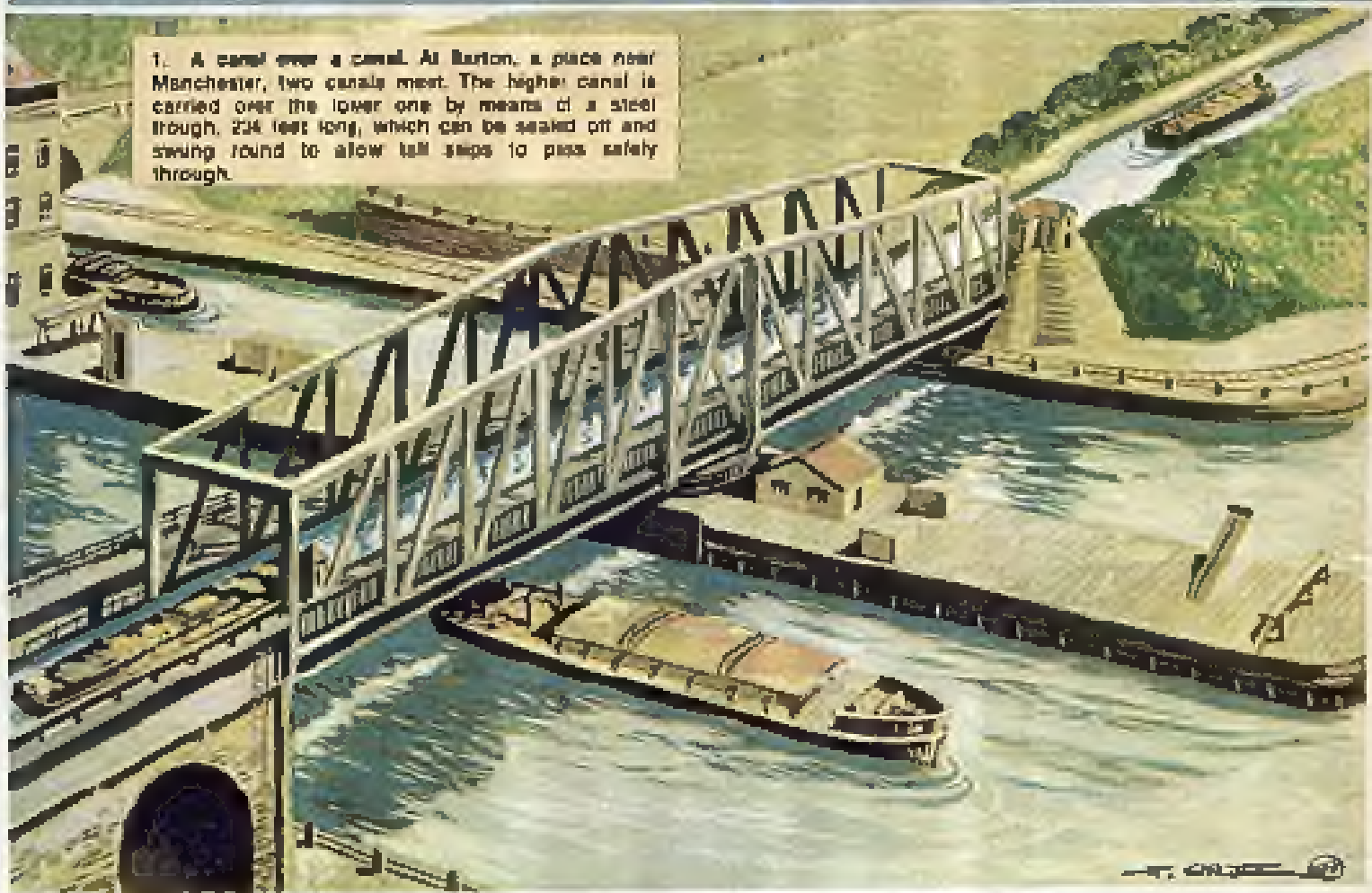
With a yell of terror, Brer Bear took to his heels and fled and he did not stop running until he reached his own house. After that, nobody touched Brer Rabbit's carrots again, for the story of the ghost soon spread among the other animals and they kept well away from it.

Another Brer Rabbit story next week.



Well, Fancy That!

1. A canal over a canal. At Barton, a place near Manchester, two canals meet. The higher canal is carried over the lower one by means of a steel trestle, 234 feet long, which can be swung off and swung round to allow tall ships to pass safely through.



2. Hard work for fire-fighters. Before pumping engines were invented fire-lighting in older days was hard work. The water to light a fire had to be pumped by hand through a nozzle, as the pressure was never very great.

3. Spare hands for a pick-pocket. There were some clever pick-pockets years ago, and they included this woman. Notice how she used her real hands to pick pockets!





This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 18 and try to answer the questions about it.

The Lost Slipper

Here is a story which the ancient Egyptians told their children, four or five thousand years ago. The early Egyptians were a clever people, who invented a kind of paper, called papyrus, and a kind of picture-writing, so they were able to write some of their stories down so that we can read them, thousands of years later. It is a story written long before our own fairy-tale Cinderella.

In a small house, near the River Nile, there lived a very beautiful girl named Rhodopis. She was as kind as she was beautiful, but she was quite poor, for she was an orphan.

When it was hot, Rhodopis liked to go down to the river and bathe in the cool water. One day, it happened that an eagle was hovering overhead and, as she bathed, the bird swooped down and picked up one of her slippers, which was lying on the bank.

The bird flew away with the slipper in its mouth. On and on it flew, mile after mile, until it reached the great palace of King Mycerinus, ruler of Egypt. The king was sitting

in his garden, resting among his beautiful flowers, when the eagle flew overhead and dropped the slipper. Down it fell and landed in the king's lap.

The king picked up the slipper and marvelled at how small and dainty it was. "It must be a sign from the gods, that I should seek out the maiden to whom the slipper belongs and make her my bride," thought the king.

That night, as he slept, King Mycerinus dreamed that he had found the owner of the slipper and she was the most beautiful girl in all Egypt. When he awoke, he determined not to rest until he had found her, so he summoned several courtiers and together they rode in search of the girl.

They went to every house in the city and the girls flocked to try the slipper on, but they could not find the girl it fitted. They searched far and wide, travelling highways and byways, with no success.

At last, after many weeks' travelling, they

paused at a small, simple house, hundreds of miles from the palace. "This cannot be the place we seek, Your Majesty," said the courtiers. "We are too far from the palace, and besides, this is a humble place, miles from anywhere."

"Nevertheless, we will try here, too," said the king. Just then, Rhodopis came towards them, and seeing the slipper, she cried, "Oh, you have brought me back my slipper. I thought it was lost for good." She took the slipper from the astonished courtier, put it on and then latched the other one to match.

The king was overjoyed, for Rhodopis was more lovely even than she had appeared in the dream. "You must come back with me to my palace," he cried. "You shall be my queen."

The wedding was arranged immediately and the beautiful Rhodopis brought the king so much happiness that he built the third pyramid of El Giza, near Cairo, in her honour.

The Glass Mountain



WHEN the three sons of the rich nobleman first reached the Glass Mountain they saw a sight of such dazzling beauty that they stared at it spellbound.

The mountain rose high with steep sides and perched on the very top of it was a castle. The whole of it shimmered in the sun like solid ice. But though it seemed like a palace of fairyland the brothers looked at it grimly. Inside the castle was a beautiful princess locked behind magic doors. A wicked wizard had put an evil spell on her, and the only way the spell could be broken was for someone to ride to the top of the Glass Mountain on a horse and then ride three times round the castle.

The eldest brother had come well-prepared with a fine strong horse fitted with shoes that had the sharpest spikes made of the toughest steel.

But he failed to reach the top. When he was less than half way up the slippery zig-zag path, his gallant horse had slipped and stumbled and both had come tumbling down to the bottom again.

"I think you tried too hard, brother," said the second son. "Your horse took the slippery slope too quickly and paid the penalty for speed. Once it lost a foothold nothing could stop its downward slide."

Maybe so, the eldest brother agreed. "I am thankful that neither you nor my horse suffered any hurt beyond a few painful knocks, but at least it may give you an idea of what to avoid."

So, watched by Richard, the youngest son, the second brother set his horse towards the

twisting path that wound like a spiral around the mountainside.

By picking his way more carefully and not trying to rush things, the second brother managed to climb a little farther than the first. But there came a moment when his horse could no longer keep a foothold and down they both slipped and tumbled to the bottom.

"It is not possible," gasped the second brother, picking himself up and rubbing his knees. "That glass is even more slippery than a polished marble staircase with a coating of oil."

Then it appears that the princess may never be set free—unless the wizard himself chooses to break the spell, the first brother said with a shrug. "There is nothing more that we can do here."

Wait! There is still a third to make the attempt, said Richard.

Both elder brothers looked at him in some surprise.

But you did not come prepared, Richard, one of them said. "You have brought only a small pony and it is not fitted with spiked shoes."

"It may be able to move more nimbly than our bigger horses," said the other, "but it cannot have the strength to carry you to the top of the high mountain."

All that may seem to be true, but it will not stop me trying, answered Richard.

He forced the bars of his lovely silver pony—the one which he had kept after he had found it raiding one of his father's fields and feeding on his best barley.

"Are you willing to have a try, my friend?" he whispered.

The little animal gave a neigh, and raced on to the beginning of the narrow path that twisted up the sides of the Glass Mountain.

"Gently, gently!" murmured Richard.

"Be careful," warned his brothers, who were watching anxiously.

Richard did not tug on the reins or urge the silver pony forward with his heels. The brave little animal seemed to know what was expected of it. Gently it picked its way up the slippery slope, treading on the steady surface without any difficulty.

They made two complete turns of the twisting path and not once did the silver pony's feet slip or falter.

From below, Richard's two brothers watched with fast-beating hearts.

"Be careful at the next bend, Richard," the eldest shouted. "It is a tight turn and that is where my horse lost its footing."

And if you get past that spot, there is an even more slippery place a little higher up, warned the second brother.

Richard turned for a moment and waved his hand to them.

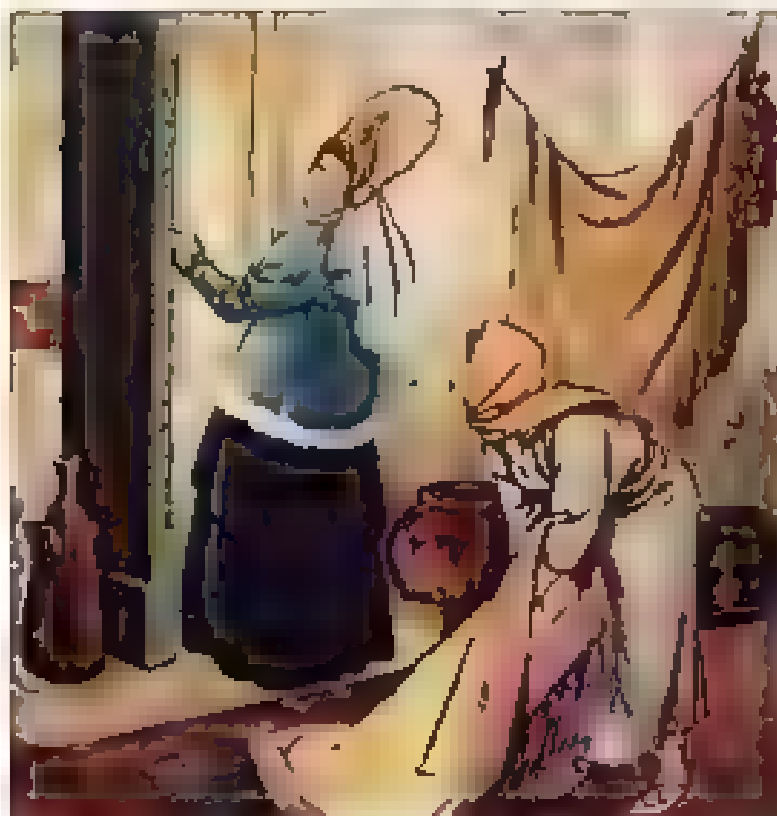
"I shall leave everything to my gallant silver pony," he told them. "He seems to know more than I what to do."

Higher and higher they went, step by step up the steep slippery slope that led to the castle at the top of the Glass Mountain.

Will Richard and the silver pony succeed? You will find out in next week's part of this delightful story.



Stella's Magic Carpet



1 In a large house belonging to a very rich lady there worked a servant-girl named Stella. Stella was an orphan and although she was not badly treated, she was lonely and unhappy. She longed for a family and friends. One day, her mistress found an old carpet in the attic and gave it to Stella for her room.



2 Stella was delighted to have a carpet of her own, even though it was worn and threadbare. She knelt on it and signed, 'Oh if only you were a magic carpet! How would like to go away from here, to some far-off land where I would be happy.' Now the carpet was a magic one and to Stella's amazement, it began to rise.



3 The carpet carried Stella out through the window and away from the house. Stella did not feel at all frightened because secretly she had always believed in magic carpets. 'Wonder where you are taking me?' she said as the carpet flew on and on.



4 Much later, the carpet sailed through the window of a great palace and came to rest before the throne on which sat a king. He leapt to his feet when he saw it. 'Arrest that girl!' he cried. 'That is the carpet which was stolen from my grandfather.'



5. Sheila was very upset for all the members of the court were laughing at her very firmly she said the carpet belonged to me. I am only a servant girl. My mistress found it in the attic and gave it to me. A shaky clerk snapped the king. Then the young prince stepped forward and smiled at Sheila.



6. Father this maiden could not have stolen the carpet, he said. Why not then? snapped the king. Derwent said it was a young girl who replied the prince. The carpet was stolen long before she was born. And besides, he added, no one with such a sweet smile could do anything bad. Mum said the king, not unkindly.



7. The prince made Sheila tell her story and now everyone listened to her with interest. At the end they all agreed that it must be hurried to be an orphan with no family and no friends. She said they were and he with us, said the king. After all she brought my grandfather's magic carpet back to us.



8. The prince was very pleased for he had taken in love with Sheila. The king and queen soon came to love her too and they were very pleased when the prince and his lovely daughter married. Although they lived in a palace furnished with all they also kept the old rug and carpet even though its magic had gone.



Beautiful Paintings

Regular readers of *Once Upon A Time* may remember that they have seen this boy and girl in a colour picture printed a few months ago, when they were shown sailing their model yacht. If you cut it out and kept it you will now have another

delightful picture to go with it showing the same two children by the side of a lake. It is a lovely bright day with strong light that makes an attractive colour photograph, with sunshine and shadows.

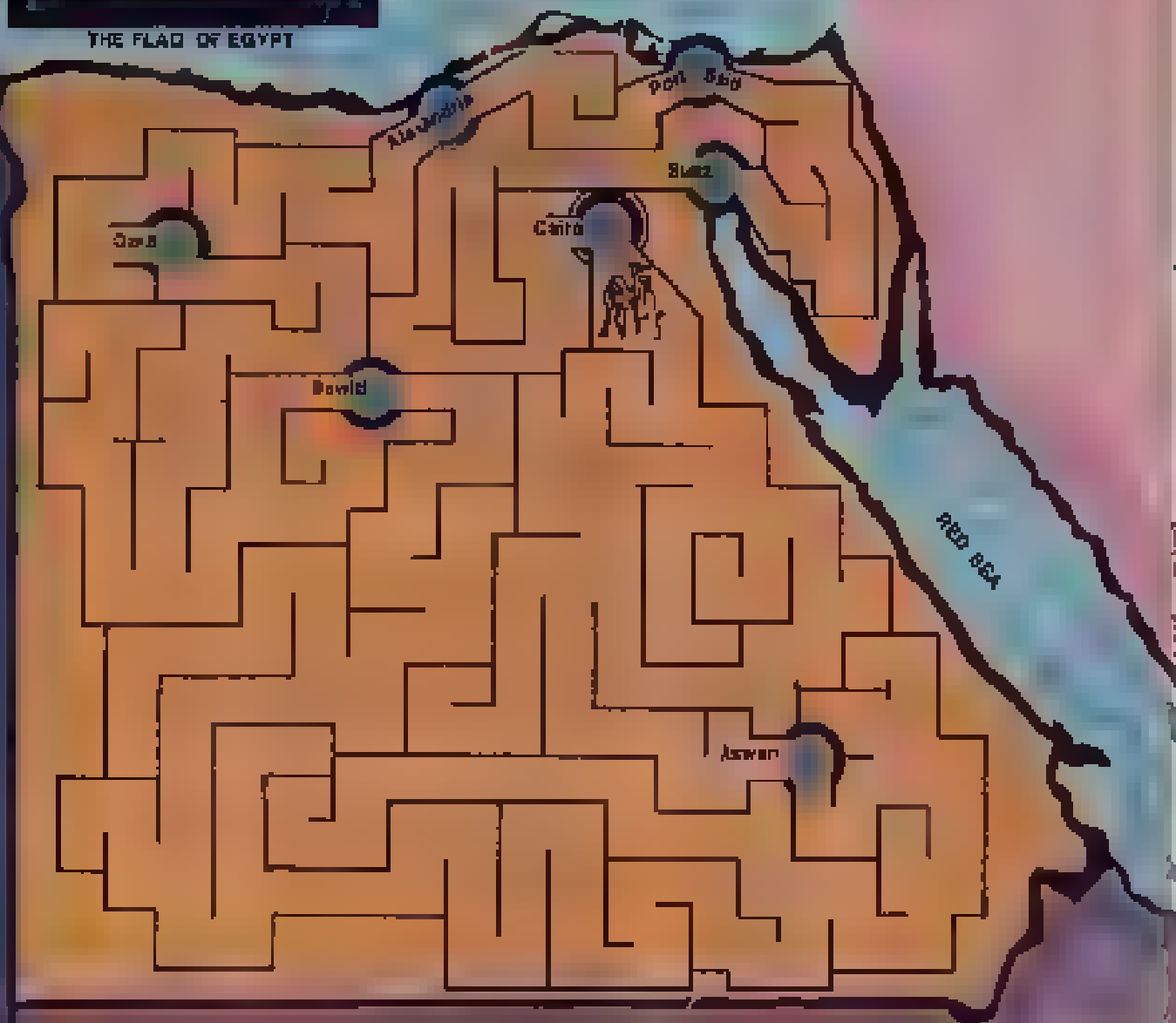
The land of EGYPT



THE FLAG OF EGYPT

Without crossing a line of the maze make a trip from the capital city of Cairo to Aswan, Beni-H, Qena, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez and back again to Cairo.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA



Egypt is a land in the northeast corner of the African continent and the small map on the right shows you where it is. Although this country has been a well-known civilisation for several thousand years, not more than a twelfth part of it can be used for people to live in. This is because most of it is desert land where nothing will grow. The land is only fertile around the banks of the great River Nile, where you will find the oldest monuments in the world, among them the ruins of great temples, the Pyramids and the Sphinx.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Going Golfing , part 1

Stephanie was the village beauty made famous by Winifred, the country mouse and her boyfriend, Bertie. As they worked together he was using a scythe to cut the long grass with a swish-swish-swish and Winifred was doing a broom with a swoosh-swoosh-swoosh to sweep up the bits.

"You know Winifred my old love, I'm on doing this all day except for one very important thing."

"What's that Bertie?" Winifred asked. "It's time for one of your cups of tea," Bertie replied with a nod towards the cottage. "How about it?"

Before Winifred could say it would be a nice idea, a motor-car came chugchug chugging down the road.

"Yoo-hoo, Winifred!" someone called from the car.

"It's Stephanie, my town cousin mouse," Winifred cried.

Nigel, Stephanie's boyfriend, stepped out of the car and Stephanie got out and rushed to give Winifred a kiss.

"Hello, my darling cousin," she said. "What a lot of lovely open spaces you have down here, and that's just what Nigel and I need. You see, we have taken up the game of golf."

Winifred blinked, but Stephanie merely went on. "It's all the rage these days. Everybody who is anybody is going golfing, even my town neighbours Mr and Mrs. Topdrawer. We've brought our clubs and all we need is a place to practise in."

"Well, there's a golf-course only just along the road," said Bertie. "I believe there's a competition or something on there this afternoon."

Poop-poop. Another car came whizzing down the road and went past in a cloud of dust.

Stephanie looked furious, "Did you see who that was?" she demanded. "It was Mr and Mrs. Topdrawer."

"Looks like they're on their way to the

golf club," said Nigel.

"I don't know who they are, but the first prize in the competition they're very much mistaken. Nigel, get the golf clubs and the balls and the tees and the bag."

"I'm going to practise."

He and Stephanie hurried to the nearby golf club, followed by Winifred and Bertie.

"You two can run after the balls while I hit it," Stephanie told them.

"Go on, then—hit it," said Bertie.

And that's just what Stephanie could do. She swung the golf-club with all her might—and missed.

"Aren't you supposed to hit the ball?"

"Yes, but I can't find it," she said. "I've looked everywhere and it's not there."

"Hold my broom, then," said Bertie. "Taking the broom away from me will help me find it."

He took the broom and went to the golf-club and sent the ball sailing away through the trees.

"That's the best I've ever seen," said Bertie. "It's like using a broom, really. It comes natural to you, Winifred."

Stephanie swallowed hard.

"I must have been a fluke," she said. "Come along, Nigel. Show Winifred how we should have really hit it."

Nigel stepped up a little nervously and put another golf-ball on the grass.

"Now, just like this," he said. "It doesn't," said Bertie, a little later. "It's still there, Nigel. You must be a fluke."

Nigel went very red. "It's all very well for you to laugh," he mumbled. "Let me try."

"Hold my scythe, then," nodded Bertie. "Exchanging his scythe for a club, Bertie took aim at the ball and with a swish he sent it sailing to the far corner of the field."

"Well hit, Bertie," said Winifred. "You

hit it miles! That's what comes of being a country mouse, I suppose."

Although she was almost green with envy, Stephanie's busy little mind was thinking of other things, and foremost in her thoughts was Mrs. Topdrawer, her town neighbour. "If she and her stuck-up husband win the golf competition I'll never be able to hold my head up again," she said to herself.

She turned to Winifred and Bertie and managed to put on a sweet smile.

"It does seem that Nigel and I are a little out of practice today," she said. "Perhaps a little sweeping and scything might help us, but in the meanwhile it might be a good idea if Winifred and Bertie went along to the golf club and entered for the competition."

"Come along, then Winifred," said Bertie. "You and I are going golfing."

"I don't know how to do it," said Winifred. "I can't hit the ball, which is more than Mr and Mrs. Topdrawer and the others can do."

"I'll show you," said Bertie. "I'll show you how to hit the ball, which is more than Mr and Mrs. Topdrawer and the others can do."

"I'll show you," said Bertie. "I'll show you how to hit the ball, which is more than Mr and Mrs. Topdrawer and the others can do."

It was a very proud moment for Winifred when she walked back home with the first prize of a tea service.

"It's just what I needed," she said. "Come along, Stephanie and Nigel. You can see for yourselves."

"I'll show you," said Bertie. "I'll show you how to hit the ball, which is more than Mr and Mrs. Topdrawer and the others can do."

Another story of the town mouse and the country mouse for you next week.

There are twelve questions about the story. The last question on page 9 is for your memory. See how many you can answer before turning back to the story.

1. What kind of bird flew away with the girl's slipper?
2. What was the girl's name?
3. Can you remember the name of the King of Egypt at that time?
4. What did the King build in honour of his new Queen?



The Birthday Present



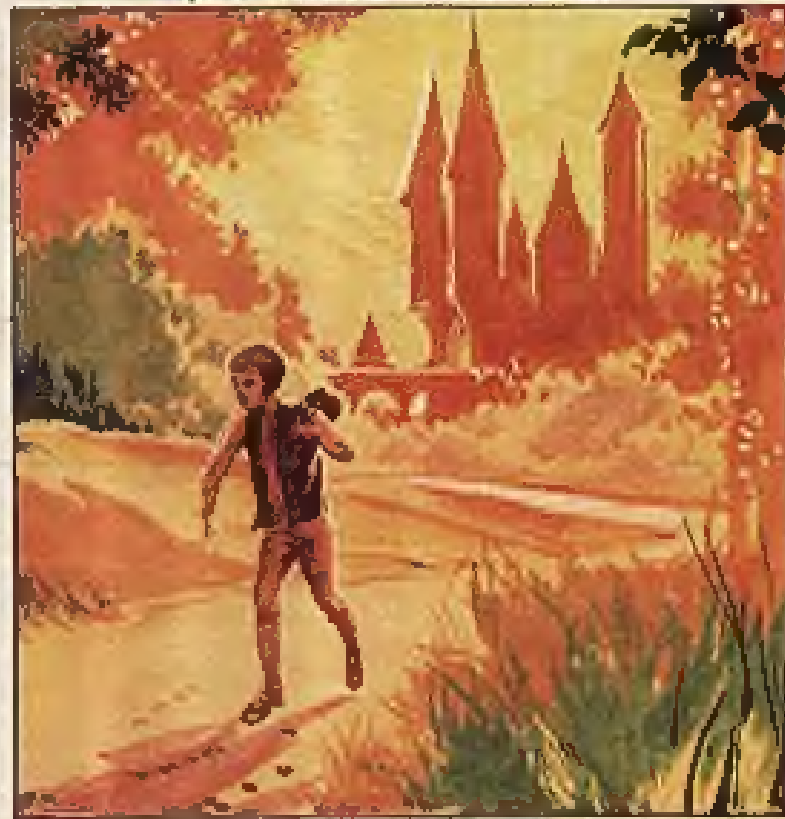
1. Once there was a princess, who was kind and beautiful and loved by everyone. On the day before her eighteenth birthday the palace was humming with excitement, as everyone, from the courtiers to the cooks, footmen and kitchen maids, wrapped up the gifts they had bought for her—everyone, except the smallest page.



2. The smallest page was very poor. He had no money and he did not possess a single thing of his own that he might give the princess. He felt very sad, especially when the others asked him where his gift was. He had to confess that he had no gift and then the others jeered at him and turned their backs.



3. That night, the poor little page could not sleep. He tried and turned all night, trying to think of something he could give the princess, but without success. The more he thought about it, the worse he felt until he decided there was only one thing left.



4. "I will run away," he said to himself. "I shall feel so ashamed if I am the only one in the palace without a gift for the princess." So before anyone was awake, the smallest page crept out of the palace and hurried sadly away, into the open countryside.



5. Dawn was just breaking as the page ran swiftly across the dew-laden grass. He was so anxious to get as far away from the palace as possible that he did not stop to look where he was putting his feet. As he hurried on, he fell headlong over a fallen branch. It was festooned with lacy cobwebs, covered with sparkling dewdrops and the page fell into the middle of them.



6. "How beautiful," gasped the page, as he stared at the glittering dewdrops. As he reached out and pulled them from his clothes, an idea began to form in his mind. He got to his feet and very gently, taking care not to break the thread or shake off the shimmering dewdrops, he unwound a piece of cobweb just long enough to fit around a princess's neck. He held it carefully.



7. From a large leaf, the page made a bag in which to carry the cobweb necklace. Then he took to his heels and ran back the way he had come, but this time he was very careful to look where he was putting his feet. He must arrive at the palace before the morning sun dried the dewdrops, and he did not want to trip again.



8. When he got back to the palace, the little page went at once to the princess and presented his shining gift. As he placed it around her neck, the princess told the page that the necklace was the most beautiful present she had ever had, though she knew that, being made of dewdrops, it would soon disappear.

FAMOUS NAMES



1. **The Statue of Liberty.** The statue, which stands on Liberty Island in New York harbour, was a gift from the people of France in 1884 to commemorate the first 100 years of American independence. It is made of copper and is so big that thirty people can stand inside the head and twelve people inside the torch.



2. **Mistletoe.** This plant grows on the branches of trees, not on the ground, taking its nourishment from the tree it lives on. Many ancient people thought mistletoe had magical powers and it was gathered by the Druids. It was also supposed to be a remedy for poison. Now it is used mainly for Christmas decoration.



3. **Horatius.** The story of how Horatius held the bridge in the days of Ancient Rome, is told in a famous poem by Macaulay. When the Etruscan army, led by Lars Porsena, advanced on Rome, Horatius and two companions held them at bay on a narrow bridge, while the Romans cut the bridge behind them. Horatius swam to safety.



4. **Tour de France.** This cycle race was established in 1903 by Henri Desgrange, an ex-lawyer's clerk and later a journalist. The cyclists have to cover nearly three thousand miles, around France and over the Pyrénées and the Alps, in about 25 days. The cyclists average about 20 miles per hour.